

The Change

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Characters: Gobber, Hiccup

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-09-07 20:44:24

Updated: 2014-09-07 20:44:24

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:57:26

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 877

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Having noticed some strange symptoms, thirteen year old Hiccup decides to ask his mentor about the transition into adulthood. Oneshot for now, rated T for implied teenage awkwardness. Set before all the things.

The Change

I have no idea where this story came from, but... we've all had this talk once. Enjoy. :P

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><p>"Gobber... when will I become a man?"<p>

Thirteen year old Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III was a curious young thing. He was tiny for his age - with small, weak arms, delicate hands, skinny, short legs and a narrow torso and hips, he was about as far away from Viking material as one could fathom. His peers had no doubt reminded him of this sorry fact for most of his life. Admittedly, they completely overlooked that by the age of just four he could read and write better than most of Berk's adults, and that when it came to his father's accounts Hiccup was left almost entirely in charge (being pretty much the only Berkian capable of mental mathematics) - but then, how could quick calculations or neat handwriting help when it came to lopping a dragon's head off?

Not at all, was the answer.

That's why the brutish blacksmith's reply to the young Hiccup took an inordinate amount of thinking to ensure no feelings were hurt. On hearing the question, in fact, Gobber had to bite back the blunt response he thought of - _Never, probably._

"Um... why don't ye' go and ask yer father about this, Hiccup, lad?"

Hiccup paused, arms outstretched as he clutched the massive bellows into the fire. He had just enough strength to push them down to fan the flames, but only if he leant all of his weight on them. "He's always too busy," Hiccup replied, his voice oddly croaky. He cleared his throat. "You know, fighting dragons and all t_hat! Argh!" _The last word saw a tremendous leap in octaves of Hiccup's normally steady voice. He coughed again. "It's the... it's the dust."

Almost true. Hiccup's voice had been doing this for a few days now - hoarse one moment, higher than a girl's the next. He blamed it at first on all the smoke in Berk - having houses on fire almost all the time did little for one's vocal system, it transpired.

Gobber's eyes narrowed suspiciously at Hiccup. Hiccup recoiled.

"Is it, now? Oh, Hiccup, my lad," the big Viking burst into loud, jolly laughter. He wandered over to the boy and slapped him heartily on the back, causing him to jolt forward and nearly impale himself on the bellows. "Yer voice is breakin'!"

Hiccup's eyes shot open in terror. "_Breaking?!_" he squealed. "What? I don't want it to break!"

Gobber chuckled. "No, it's... when yer voice goes from bein' that of a boy to that of a man. Deeper!"

Hiccup blinked. He lifted a hand slowly to his neck and held it there. "So this is becoming a man?" he asked quietly.

"Well," stalled Gobber, scratching his head, "Part of it. Didn't ye' father ever tell ye' about any of this?"

Hiccup shook his head. "He mentioned it a little, I suppose. He just said I'd go through the-" his voice suddenly dipped to a deep, pure tone, a tone which would one day become his permanent voice- "_the change._"

Gobber sighed. "Sit down, my lad," he prompted, and Hiccup silently obeyed, perching on a nearby bench. The large Viking stood opposite. "Look, look... when ye' go through the... the _change, _a lot of stuff 'appens. But all of it good, mind! It marks yer transition into being a real Viking man, Hiccup! Isn't that what ye' want?"

Hiccup blinked a couple of times. He wasn't sure if it _was _what he wanted, but he nodded nonetheless.

Gobber continued. "So yer voice... yer voice will break, lad, an' then... some other things will 'appen..."

"Like what?" Hiccup asked, not missing a beat.

Gobber clumsily fumbled with his words. "Well ye'... um... ye' get the uh... and the... ye' know, with the..."

Hiccup frowned. He wasn't sure where this was going. "What?"

Gobber cleared his throat. "Ye'll get... hair," he murmured. "On ye' chest, and ye' back, and ye' face, and... well. Pretty much everywhere, lad. We're not called Hairy Hooligans fer

nothin'."

Hiccup glanced down at himself. He had noticed a little bit of hair, in certain... places. He decided not to mention that. "What else?"

"Well, ye'll get bigger," Gobber said, before looking over Hiccup and biting his lip slightly. "Don't get ye' hopes up too much, though."

The boy rolled his eyes. "Well... thanks, Gobber."

Gobber smirked. "Mah pleasure, lad," he said, giving Hiccup another all-too enthusiastic slap on the back. "Jus' let me know if you have any more questions. Ye' Uncle Gobber will be honoured to answer them for ye'."

Hiccup hesitated. "Gobber? There's uh... one more thing."

"An' what's that, young Hiccup?"

Hiccup gulped. "This... thing happens, sometimes, when I'm..."

Gobber smirked. He sensed where this was going. "Spit it out, lad!"

"...when I'm around Astrid..."

The blacksmith broke into uproarious laughter once more. "Now _that _might take a while to explain!"

* * *

><p>Do I regret this? Um. Possibly. Let me know if you want me to do one for Astrid. ... that one I probably will regret.**

End
file.